

CHAPTER V.

The beloved reader who has followed me patiently so far, will bear with me a little longer while I may try to describe my feelings under the banner of love, where my precious Saviour had sweetly brought me in his banqueting house, and he kept up his love-visits to the time when he was pleased to give me up my little boy safe and sound, which was over two years and a half. The dear Lord was graciously pleased to keep up in my once overburdened, but now gratefully overflowing heart, a constant flow of living love. I felt often ready to exclaim aloud, "The air is perfumed with his breath." With feelings of constant praise to God, my eyes often overflowing with tears, I could but gaze, wonder and adore the unspeakable love of the Lord Jesus Christ! And that to such a poor moth as I am! O how I felt the sweet words of the poet when he, in speaking of Christ, seems to sing with pleasing admiration and praise:

Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

Yes, beloved reader, I did feel then and there that the morning or day star had arisen in my heart, and